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Rhyme.

The Goths and Vandals effected more than one revolution in the Roman Empire. Not only did they substitute the intricacies of the feudal system for the unity of the imperial government,—the gloomy vault and frowning battlement for the light pillar and graceful entablature,—the warlike feats of the individual champion for the disciplined movements of the legionary phalanx,—but they also extended their sway into the realm of literature, and from their era dates the triumph of accent over quantity, and of rhyme over blank verse.

Yes; from the never changing burden of the sea, from the pulsating crash of the wintry blast, from the weird and pitiless North, resonant with the reverberations of the hammer of Thor, came the spirit of rhyme.

And is there not a charm in rhyme? A charm far beyond that of the measured tread of the swelling hexameter, or the inflated and pompous blank verse of Milton. In his days, all that was Gothic was condemned as barbarous. The pagan spirit of the *renaissance* had again attempted to impose the old Greek and Roman sensuous civilization upon the descendants of the Christianized Goths. Rhymes were denounced as artificial—jangling—shackles unworthily placed upon the poetic Muse—and incompatible with the sublime. Happily, that mode of thinking has passed away, never to return. It never completely regained its ground. It held sway over a *coterie*—a clique of aristocrats. It never established its empire in the Gothic heart of the people. The old runic burdens still echoed in their inmost souls. How could they believe in the repugnance of the sublime to the rhyming spirit—they who had been used to the recurring throbs of the *Dies Ira*:

Tuba mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulchra regionum
Coget omnes ante thronum.

Or to the heart beats of the *Sabat Mater*:

Quæ mærebat et dolebat
Et tremebat, cum videbat
Nati penas inelyti.

* * * * *

Tui nati vulnerati,
Tam dignati pro me pati,
Pœnas mecum divide.

For so ran the old version. A newer version, whether for dogmatic reasons, or inspired by the spirit of anti-rhyme, substitutes, "*Pia Mater, dum videbat*," and changes the poetical "*Inflammatu et accensus*," which inspired the harmonies of Rossini, into the inharmonious, "*Flammis ne urar succensus*."

But let us listen again to the voice of the Church singing the mystery of Transubstantiation in words interwoven so skillfully that they make us feel that rhyme has done what reason could never do, and has comprehended the incomprehensible:

Verbum caro panem verum
Verbo carnem efficit
Fitque sanguis Christi merum
Et si sensus deficit

Ad firmandum cor sincerum
Sola fides sufficit.

These verses, setting at defiance all the rules of classic prosody, flow naturally to a Gothic ear, to which the scansion of a hexameter is an artificial operation. Accent here supersedes quantity, and meter is formed by the regular succession of unaccented and accented syllables. So the three hymns which we have quoted might be called trochaic, in the same sense in which the term is applied to English poetry.

The hexameter was, indeed, adopted by the Goths, but they introduced rhymes at the cæsural pause and the end of the line. Many of the monumental and other inscriptions of the middle ages are thus rhymed:

"Hi tres in Duno tumulto tumultantur in uno."

Or with still more rhymes, an in the inscription on a bell:

"Funera plango, fulgura frango, Sabbata pango."

These lines are both perfect with respect to quantity, although the last contains no cæsura, but surely its loss is compensated by the onomatopœia? Quantity, however, was always sacrificed by the mediæval poets when either the subject or the rhymes required it.

A right understanding of the displacement of quantity by accent is indispensable to the scansion of Church poetry; thus

Lauda, Sion, Salvatorem,

is trochaic, the accented syllable coming first, while

O Salutaris Hostia

is iambic, with the accented syllable last. A few must be scanned by quantity, like the iambic

Deus Creator omnium,

but these are the more ancient. The letter *m* suffers no ecchipsis, as

Tantum ergo sacramentum.

These observations apply to all rhymed hymns. Some Church poetry, however, is written in classic metre without rhyme. Such are the hexametrical anthem:

Alma Redemptoris Mater, quæ pervia cœli
Porta manes;

the hymn:

Iste confessor Domini, colentes,
Quem pie laudant populi per orbem,
Hac die lætus meruit beatas
Scandere sedes,

which is the same in metre as Horace's Second Ode: "*Jam satis teris*," and the hymn to St. Joseph:

Te Joseph celebrant agmina cœlitum
Te cuncti resonant Christiadum chori,
Qui clarus meritis, junctus es inelyta
Casto fœdere Virgini.

which is in the meter of "*Scriberis Vario*," the Sixth Ode.

But these are exceptions. The great majority of hymns are written with rhyme, and without attention to quantity. Some even that are without

rhyme are to be scanned by accent instead of quantity. An example of this is the "*Ave maris Stella*," which, scanned by accent, is trochaic, and of three feet in each line. The only remnant of classic usage is in the elision of *e* in the line "*Monstra te esse Matrem*." In fact, the department of ecclesiastical poetry would form a large appendix to Latin prosody.

MATHETES.

ERIC; or, Little by Little.

A Tale of Roslyn School.

By FREDERIC W. FARRAR,
Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

PART FIRST.

CHAPTER XV (Continued).

Yes! there they were, all three—Mrs. Trevor, and Fanny, and Vernon, on the mound at the end of the avenue; and the younger ones ran to meet him. It was a joyous meeting; he gave Fanny a hearty kiss, and put his arm round Vernon's neck, and then held him in front to have a look at him.

"How tall you've grown Verny, and how well you look," he said, gazing proudly at him; and indeed the boy was a brother to be justly proud of. And Vernon quite returned the admiration as he saw the healthy glow of Eric's features and the strong graceful development of his limbs.

And so they quickly joined Mrs. Trevor, who embraced her nephew with a mother's love; and, amid all that nameless questioning of delightful trifles, that "blossoming vein" of household talk, which gives such an incommunicable charm to the revisiting of home, they all three turned into the house, where Eric, hungry with his travels, enjoyed at leisure the "jolly spread" prepared for him, luxurious beyond anything he had seen for his last year at school. When he and Vernon went up to their room at night—the same little room in which they slept on the night when they first had met—they marked their heights on the door again which showed Eric that in the last year he had grown two inches, a fact which he pointed out to Vernon with no little exultation. And then they went to bed, and to a sleep over which brooded the indefinite sensation of a great unknown joy;—that rare heavenly sleep which only comes once or twice or thrice in life, on occasions such as this.

He was up early next morning, and, opening his window, leaned out with his hands among the green vine-leaves which encircled it. The garden looked beautiful as ever, and he promised himself an early enjoyment of those currants which hung in ruby clusters over the walls. Everything was bathed in the dewy balm of summer morning, and he felt very happy as, with his little spaniel frisking round him, he visited the great Newfoundland in his kennel, and his old pet, the pony in the stable. He had barely finished his rounds when breakfast was ready, and he once more met the

home-circle from which he had been separated for a year. And yet over all his happiness hung a sense of change and half melancholy; they were not changed, but *he* was changed. Mrs. Trevor, and Fanny, and Vernon, were the same as ever, but over *him* had come an alteration of feeling and circumstance; an unknown or half-known *something* which casts a shadow between them and him, and sometimes made him half shrink and start as he met their loving looks. Can no schoolboy, who reads his history, understand and explain the feeling which I mean?

By that mail he wrote to his father and mother an account of Russell's death, and he felt that they would guess why the letter was so blurred. "But," he wrote, "I have some friends still; especially Mr. Rose among the masters, and Monty and Upton among the boys. Monty you know; he is more like Edwin than any other boy, and I like him very much. You didn't know Upton, but I am a great deal with him, though he is much older than I am. He is a fine, handsome fellow, and one of the most popular in the school. I hope you will know him some day."

The very next morning Eric received a letter which he at once recognized to be in Upton's handwriting. He eagerly tore off the envelope, and read:

"MY DEAREST ERIC: I have got bad news to tell you, at least I feel it to be bad news for me, and I flatter myself that you will feel it to be bad news for you. In short, I am going to leave Roslyn, and probably we shall never meet there again. The reason is, I have had a cadetship given me, and I am to sail for India in September. I have already written to the school to tell them to pack up and send me all my books and clothes.

"I feel leaving very much; it has made me quite miserable. I wanted to stay at school another year at least; and I will honestly tell you, Eric, one reason; I'm very much afraid that I've done you, and Graham, and other fellows no good; and I wanted, if I possibly could, to undo the harm I had done. Poor Edwin's death opened my eyes to a good many things, and now I'd give all I have never to have taught or encouraged you in wrong things. Unluckily it's too late;—only, I hope that you already see, as I do, that the things I mean lead to evil far greater than we ever used to dream of.

"Good-bye now, old fellow! Do write to me soon, and forgive me, and believe me ever,

"Your most affectionate,
"HORACE UPTON."

"P.S.—Is that jolly little Vernon going back to school with you this time? I remember seeing him running about the shore with my poor cousin when you were a home boarder, and thinking what a nice little chap he looked. I hope you'll look after him as a brother should, and keep him out of mischief."

Eric folded the letter sadly, and put it into his pocket; he didn't often shew them his school letters, because, like this one, they often contained allusions to things which he did not like his aunt to know. The thought of Upton's leaving made him quite unhappy, and he wrote him a long letter by that post indignantly denying the supposition that his friendship had ever done him anything but good.

The postscript about Vernon suggested a thought that had been often in his mind. He could not but shudder in himself, when he thought of that bright little brother of his being initiated in the mysteries of evil which he himself had learnt, and sinking like himself into slow degeneracy of heart and life. It often puzzled and perplexed him, and at last he determined to open his heart, partially at least, in a letter to Mr. Rose. The master fully understood his doubts, and wrote him the following reply:

"MY DEAR ERIC: I have just received your letter about your brother Vernon, and I think that it does you honor. I will briefly give you my own opinion.

"You mean, no doubt, that, from your own experience, you fear that Vernon will hear at

school many things which will shock his modesty, and much language which is evil and blasphemous; you fear that he will meet with many bad examples, and learn to look on God and godliness in a way far different from that to which he has been accustomed at home. You fear, in short, that he must pass through the same painful temptations to which you have yourself been subjected; to which, perhaps, you have even succumbed.

"Well, Eric, this is all true. Yet, knowing this, I say, by all means let Vernon come to Roslyn. The innocence of mere ignorance is a poor thing; it *cannot*, under any circumstances, be permanent, nor is it at all valuable as a foundation of character. The true preparation for life, the true basis of a manly character, is not to have been ignorant of evil, but to have known it and avoided it; not to have been sheltered from temptation, but to have passed through it and overcome it by God's help. Many have drawn exaggerated pictures of the lowness of public school morality; the best answer is to point to the good and splendid men that have been trained in public schools, and who lose no opportunity of recurring to them with affection. It is quite possible to be in the little world of school-life, and yet not of it. The ruin of human souls can never be achieved by enemies from without unless they be aided by traitors from within. Remember our lost friend; the peculiar lustre of his piety was caused by the circumstances under which he was placed. He often told me before his last hour, that he rejoiced to have been at Roslyn; that he had experienced there much real happiness, and derived in every way lasting good.

"I hope you have been enjoying your holidays, and that you will come back with the 'spell of home affection' alive in your heart. I shall rejoice to make Vernon's acquaintance, and will do for him all I can. Bring him with you to me in the library as soon as you arrive. Ever, dear Eric,

"Affectionately yours,
"WALTER ROSE."

END OF PART I.

Astronomy—No. 9.

A SYNOPSIS OF ITS HISTORY.

[CONTINUED.]

On the 24th of January, Piazzi communicated with Oriani and Bode, but his letters did not reach these astronomers till the end of March. It had by that time reached so near the sun that no further observation could be taken. From this cause the planet became lost, but was finally discovered by Professor de Zach on the 30th of December. Piazzi conferred upon it the name of *Ceres*. The new planet was very small, according to Herschel's measurement, its diameter being only 161 miles.

The discovery of *Ceres* was followed quickly by that of another small planet, or asteroid. Dr. Olbers, in seeking for the lost *Ceres*, swept over the north wing of Virgo with his telescope, called "Comet Seeker," on the 28th of March, 1802, and found, to his astonishment, a star of the seventh magnitude, when he was certain no star was visible in January and February preceding, on the next evening he found that this star had changed its place. On the 30th Dr. Olbers announced his discovery to Baron de Zach, and Professor Gauss determined its elements with a mean distance nearly the same as that of *Ceres*. Dr. Olbers called this new asteroid *Pallas*.

It was the opinion of Dr. Olbers that there were many more such diminutive planets floating in the same region, and that they might possibly be the fragments of a larger planet that had been shattered by some tremendous catastrophe. He proposed, therefore, a prolonged and persistent search in the northwestern part of the constellation of Virgo, and the western part of the constellation of the Whale, being the two opposite regions in which the orbits of *Ceres* and *Pallas* were found to intersect each other.

Professor Harding, of Lillenthal, while exploring the heavens—on the 1st of September, 1804—for the above purpose, perceived a small star in

the constellation *Pisces*, very near that part of the Whale through which Olbers had asserted that the fragments of the shattered planet would pass. On the evening of the 4th he found this star had changed place, the observations of the 5th and 6th confirmed his first opinion. He announced his discovery on the 7th to Dr. Olbers, who saw it the same evening. Professor Harding named this planet *Juno*.

Encouraged by this discovery, Dr. Olbers continued his search for nearly three years, when, on the evening of the 29th of March, 1807, while sweeping over the north wing of Virgo, he discovered a small star of the sixth or seventh magnitude. He continued to observe it till the 2d of April, and satisfied himself that the stranger was a planet. He promptly notified Professor Bode, of Berlin, and Baron de Zach, of Gotha, and particularly mentioned that the discovery was not the result of accident, but of a long and systematic search. Professor Gauss calculated its elements in ten hours, and named it *Vesta*. This is the smallest of the asteroids yet discovered, but is remarkable for the brilliancy of its light. Dr. Olbers continued his search for planets in Virgo and Cetus from 1808 to 1816, when he relinquished the search.

About the year 1830, M. Hencke, an amateur astronomer, of Driessen, in Germany, carefully surveyed a zone of the heavens fifteen degrees on each side of the equator, as laid down in the Berlin charts. This examination he continued for fifteen years, and on the 8th of December, 1845, while comparing the map of the fourth hour of the right ascension with the heavens, he noticed a small star of the ninth magnitude in Taurus, which had not been noted in any previous examination. He notified several astronomers in Germany of the fact, and on the 4th of December the Berlin astronomers pronounced it a new planet. Its elements were computed, not by Gauss alone, but by a host of young astronomers throughout Europe, who had become familiar with the methods of that illustrious master. Professor Encke conferred upon it the name of *Astræa*.

Encouraged by this success, Professor Hencke continued his search, and his perseverance met its reward. On the 1st of July, 1847, while engaged in examining the seventeenth hour of right ascension, he perceived a star of the ninth magnitude which was not marked in the corresponding map of the Academy. On the 3d he repeated his observations, and found a sensible diminution in its right ascension. Information was circulated on the following day, and the planet was soon recognized at the principal observatories in Europe. The illustrious mathematician, Gauss, was deputed to name the stranger, and gave it the name of *Hebe*.

The next two members of the family of planets were discovered by Mr. Hind, at the private observatory of Mr. Bishop in his residence in the Regents Park, London. In November, 1846, Mr. Hind commenced a regular search for planets, which he persevered in for nine months. On the 13th of August following an object resembling a star was observed where none were marked in the Berlin maps. In an hour's time its motion was observed and established. Mr. Bishop named the new planet *Iris*.

Continuing his observations, Mr. Hind noticed, on the 18th of October, 1847, in the constellation Orion, a star of the eighth magnitude, which he had not before noticed. After four hours' observation he became satisfied it was a new planet, and announced it as such the next day. Sir John Herschel had the honor of naming the stranger. He called it *Flora*, and its emblem, the "Rose of England."

On the 25th of April, 1848, Mr. Graham at the private observatory of Mr. Corper, at Markree Castle, Ireland, observed in the fourteenth hour of right ascension a star of the tenth magnitude not laid down in the Berlin charts. The next even-

ing's observations proved it to be a planet, and it was named Metis. This makes nine asteroids discovered in this century, and in forty-seven years, the whole number discovered up to 1836 being forty.

We would gladly give in detail a sketch of the discovery of each of these interesting little wanderers, or these "Minim planets," but fear to trespass upon the space so kindly granted to us by our respected Editor. So we must be content with recording only the names of those fortunate gentlemen who have become famous by their assiduity and success as discoverers.

Dr. Luther at the observatory of Bilk, near Dusseldorf, has discovered no less than sixteen, and is at the head of planet discoverers; Mr. Herman Goldschmidt, an amateur astronomer of Paris, fourteen; Mr. Hind, of London, ten; De Gasparis, of Naples, nine; M. Chacornac, at Marseilles and Paris, six; Mr. Poyson, an English astronomer, at Oxford, three, and at Madras three, making six; Dr. C. H. F. Peters, at Clinton, N. Y., six; M. Tempel, at Marseilles, four; Mr. Ferguson, at Washington, three; Mr. Watson, at Ann Arbor, Mich., three; Mr. Tuttle, at Cambridge, Mass., two, and several others one to two each. Sixteen of these planets have been discovered in this country. Latterly, instead of names, these planets are being distinguished by numbers, and they now amount to about one hundred, all discovered in this century.

The average distance of these planets from the sun is about 260 millions of miles; that of the nearest, Flora, 201 millions; that of the most distant, Sylvia, is nearly 320 millions. The entire zone in which they revolve is about 190 millions of miles in width. It is computed that the distance of Neptune from the sun is about 2,546 millions of miles, and that his diameter is 37,000 miles, and his time of revolution around the sun one hundred and sixty-five years; that the distance of Uranus is 1,754 million of miles, his diameter 33,000 miles, and his time of revolution eighty-four years; while the earth's distance is 92,000 millions of miles, and its time of revolution one year.

The Death of Abel.

PART IV.

[CONCLUDED].

The night dew was yet falling, the slumbering birds were silent, night was still tarrying in the valleys, and pale twilight lingering on the mountain-tops when Cain left his hut in a melancholy mood. Mehalah, unconscious that he noticed her, had wept over him and prayed for him. As he left his hut he murmured thus to himself, his voice sounding in the lonely quiet morning twilight like distant thunder:

"Detestable night! what gloomy pictures flitted before me! fright and terror and gloom combined. My imagination was just at rest, my dreams had disappeared, and I would have slumbered quietly had not her sighing and wailing awakened me. Ha! must I always awake to hear lamentations? Can I not have a single hour of rest? Why did she weep?—over me? Yet she knows nothing about my rejected sacrifice. Oh this weeping, this sighing over me, this whining! I cannot bear it—it has even now robbed me of peace for the entire day! Approving smiles always accompany every action of my brother, while melancholy sadness haunts me everywhere. Mehalah! I love you,—I love you as myself. Oh, why must you embitter the few remaining hours of my rest?" He stood under a bush hanging from a projecting rock. "Here do not refuse me thy help, thy refreshment, sweet sleep," said he. "How miserable I am! fatigued I sought thee in my hut, and scarcely didst thou cover me with thy

delicate wings when the voice of lamentation came to awaken me. Here, here at least nobody will disturb me, unless even lifeless nature pursues me in the hours of rest. Grant me, thou earth, that demandest, in consequence of thy severe curse, too laborious a toil in order to sustain life or rather to continue somewhat longer a miserable existence—grant me, Oh earth, a few moments of rest, a few happy moments from this toil." Thus he spoke, and lay upon the fragrant grass, and soon fell into a deep sleep.

Anamelech had followed his lonely footsteps, and now stood beside him. "Deep sleep has overcome him," said he, "and now I will place myself at his side and picture to his imagination dreams to further my designs. Cunning, and thou, imagination, assist me now with all your power; summon to your aid all kinds of visions, which shall help to stir up in his soul gnawing envy, raging anger, and every tormenting passion into a terrible, raging tumult!" Thus spoke the reprobate, as he glided to the side of Cain. As he lay down, a wild rustling was heard among the tree-tops, and a howling wind penetrated the forest. The storm-whipped locks of Cain beat against his brow and cheeks, but in vain they beat—deep sleep had already taken possession of him.

The dreamer now beheld a wide-spread field before him, covered with scattered huts where simple poverty dwelt; his sons and grandsons stationed about on this field did not mind the mid-day sun sending its burning rays upon their tanned features. With wearisome toil they partly gathered their poverty, or dug the rough earth to plant new seed, or bent over and rooted out with wounded hands the thorny weeds which crept around the fruits of the field and deprived them of nourishment, whilst their wives were attending to the household affairs and preparing the poverty-laden tables. Eliel, his first-born son, (the dreamer recognized his features and gait,) returned from the field tottering under an oppressive load; discouraged, he placed it down and leaned against it.

"How wretched is this life!" thus he bitterly complained, breathing heavily; "how full of cares and trouble! how heavily lies the curse upon the sons of Cain! Has He who created this earth banished them entirely from His eyes after the curse? or should the curse affect only the first-born in the family? Yonder, in those fields which the sons of Abel inhabit, (they have encroached upon those fields, driven us thence and allowed us to live in the wilderness), yonder, where they dwell in the luxuriant shade, all nature appears to offer its beauty to foster their effeminate idleness; every consolation of this miserable life, every joy and happiness has been transferred to yon voluptuous sensualists,—only poverty and toil is left to us wretches."

Now, with the load on his shoulders, Eliel tottered towards his hut. The dreamer now beheld on the other side of the field a flowery plain, sparkling springs meandering joyously in their winding course under the dark shade of overarching trees; anon they rippled by green bowers, anon they glided between long rows of stately trees; on their smooth surface were reflected blossoms and fruits in variegated splendor. Often on the flowery banks of a sequestered lake the young men assembled. Yonder in the delightful citron grove play the cooling zephyrs, and yonder a grove of palm trees spreads its inviting shade over the flowers. Tempe was not thus beautiful, nor Cnidus where the mighty temple of Venus stood upon majestic columns, for here the fabled goddess ruled with all her court. Snow-white flocks were straying about in the tall grass, and nibbling at the odoriferous flowers, whilst the tender shepherd, decorated with flowers and leaves, was singing a song to the lovely maidens. Yonder were assembling together youths and maidens, as lovely as the graces, feasting and

drinking and making merry, while soft music of harps and flutes accompanied the joyous singing. A youth now arose in their midst:

"Welcome, dearest," said he, "thrice welcome. Lend me your ears. Although nature smiles upon us, and gathers around our dwellings all its beauty, still she demands care and toil—toil too severe for us who devote ourselves to lighter work. It is painful for the hand accustomed to touch the delicate strings of the harp to cultivate the soil; it is hard for the delicate, curly head, accustomed to be crowned with roses and to rest in the inviting shade, to bear the heat of the sun. Dearest, I will unbosom to you though which I believe a guardian angel has whispered to me. Let us, when the darkness of night is thickest, go to yon field where the husbandmen dwell, and when they, worn out by the labor of the day, lie in profound sleep, let us attack them in their huts, bind them and lead them prisoners to our huts, that the men may be serviceable to us in the fields, and their wives and daughters perform our household duties. But during the night, although we are numerically superior to them, still it is better to avoid dangerous encounters."

Thus spoke the youth, and the approving crowd applauded him. The dreamer now beheld a dark night, heard the mingled cries of terror and affright, of lamentation and triumph arising from the huts, which, fired, were burning brightly, lighting up the gloominess of the night. By the light of the flames he beheld his sons and their wives and children marching along, bound before the sons of Abel.

Thus dreamed Cain and trembled in his sleep, when Abel, who had found him under the bush hanging from the projecting rock, stood before him; with eyes full of love he looked upon him, and with a soft whispering voice, said:

"Oh that you would soon awake, my brother, that my loving heart could tell you its sensations, that my arms could embrace you; be quiet, ye winds in the woods, ye birds of the air do not sing so close here that ye disturb his refreshing rest when his weary limbs still require its influence. But . . . how pale he lies there! . . . how restless! . . . anger sits on his brow. Why do ye frighten him, ye terrible dreams? Let his soul rest in peace; come, ye pleasant dreams of daily occupations, of joyful friendship, of all that is beautiful in the soul and smiling in nature; fill his imagination with serenity and bliss, that joy smile upon his brow, and, upon awaking, praise flow from his lips."

As he spoke thus, he looked with anxious expectations and eyes full of love at his brother.

As a shaggy lion sleeping by a rock in the shade (the timid wanderer noiselessly passes by at a respectful distance from him, for danger lurks threateningly in the closed eyes covered by the bristling mane of the beast,) quickly jumps up with a tremendous roar when he suddenly feels in his side the deep wound of the swift arrow, and, raging, looks around for his foe, and in blind fury tears to pieces an innocent child culling flowers at a short distance, thus Cain suddenly jumps from his sleep, fierce rage, like a dark thunder-cloud painted on his brow, and stamping on the earth, exclaims:

"Open thou earth, and swallow me! Swallow me deep in thy abyss! I am wretched! and oh, terrible vision! my children are wretched! yet thou wilt not open! In vain I entreat; He the almighty avenger will forbid thee; I must remain wretched, for He wills it; and to pursue me with all terrors, He draws aside the curtain to let me look into the hell of the future. Cursed, thrice cursed be the hour when I was born! cursed the place where I was born! May all things perish!"

Thus cursed the wretched one, when Abel, pale as death, with tottering step approached:

"Dearest," he stammered forth,—"but no . . . oh! . . . I tremble! . . . one of the cursed rebels whom God's anger banished from heaven deviously wears his form and curses! . . . where is my brother? Ah! I will flee! where art thou, my brother, that I bless thee?"

"Here he is!" thundered forth Cain; "here! thou smiling, weeping favorite of the revenger of all nature, thou whose viper-race alone is destined to be happy on this earth! alone . . . and why not? Justly was our mother obliged to give birth to one whose posterity is to act as slaves to the more fortunate race; whose posterity is to work as beasts of burden that the more fortunate race waste not its powers on hard labor, powers devoted to ease and luxury! Ha! a hell with all its torments burns within my breast!"

"Cain! my brother!" alarmingly said Abel, astonishment and tender love being depicted on his countenance, "what kind of a horrible dream has deceived you? Dearest! I came with the aurora to seek you, to embrace you and to bless you. But, what kind of a storm is raging within you? how unfriendly you receive my tender love! when . . . alas! when will those happy days, those happy days of bliss when peace is to reign among us, and harmless undisturbed love to restore gentle rest and every agreeable joy to the soul, when will those happy days begin? those days for which our afflicted father so passionately sighs, and our dear mother! Oh Cain, Cain! how you dash to the ground those joys with which you deceived us, when I full of rapture wept in your embrace! Have I offended you, brother? unconsciously offended you? then by all that is holy I conjure you, step out of this stormy madness, pardon me and let me embrace you!" Thus spoke Abel; he approached closer and waited beseechingly to embrace his brother; but Cain sprang back, "Ha serpent! you want to encircle me!" he cried, and angrily raising his arm on high, swung his club through the air, upon Abel's head; the innocent one sank down before him, and, giving one look of sweet forgiveness, died; his blood flowing through his golden locks gathered into a crimson pool at the murderer's feet.

PROF. M. T. CORBY, now in Detroit, will forgive us for publishing the musical criticism which we find in his letter to one of his old music pupils, Mr. C. Hutchings. We think Prof. Corby a good authority for others than his old pupils, and therefore we presume to give them the benefit of his musical observations:

"* * * "We were treated to a concert given by the great German tenor, Wachtel, assisted by some good talent; but Wachtel himself was concert enough. He possesses a magnificent voice, thoroughly cultivated, but essentially of the German school. His high 'C' is good and soft, but a very curious tone. His chest tones are very pure, and also soft. He sings the ascending scale by aspirating each note, the descending, *legato*. He does not attempt to trill.

"This week I heard 'Martha,' 'La Gazza Ladra,' and 'Don Giovanni.' 'La Gazza Ladra' is very pretty. Among the sopranos, we have Parepa, Vanzandt and Doria. Parepa is the best on the very high notes, but Vanzandt has the sweetest, most brilliant and glass-like medium tones I ever heard; she also executes the trill better than any of the others. Doria is not remarkable. Mrs. Seguin has a magnificent alto, rich and soft. Of the two tenors, Castle has by far the better voice above 'G,' and sings ballad music very effectively. The other tenor, Tom Karl, has the real Italian execution, and in this respect far exceeds Castle. Karl's notes above F# are very poor. None of these tenors trill, nor do any of the male voices in this English opera troupe.

"The two or three bases are good actors and musicians, but are not remarkable for deep voices; of the latter, Campbell is the best." * * *

Motto of Iowa university sophomores—"No time for Latin essays with billiards at ten cents a game!"

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SEVERAL letters and exchanges have failed to reach us in time because they were directed to South Bend instead of to Notre Dame. Will subscribers and friends generally bear in mind that our address is

Editor SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Ind.

THE weather was very mild during the first part of the week.

JUDGE McKINNON, of Chicago, was at the College on Christmas day.

CLEANING up, and a general overhauling of the house, has taken place during the week.

GOOD students are like good business men, they mind their business and do not idle their time.

ED. DUNBAR was at the College last week. Ed. seems to be in the enjoyment of the best health.

THE stone-cutters are now busy at work shaping the materials for the stone-work of the church.

MR. KEARNEY, of Kansas City, and Mr. Loyd, of Waukegan, paid a visit to St. Mary's on Christmas day.

SKATING was much indulged in the whole week by the Students. St. Joseph's lake is now the favorite resort.

THE classes will recommence with renewed vigor next Thursday. Every Student must be ready for hard work, previous to the February Examination.

PROF. M. A. J. BAASEN left last Tuesday morning for a Holiday trip home. Profs. L. Tong and D. A. Clarke are also absent. We wish them all a Happy New Year!

THE St. Edward's Literary Association intends to give a Literary Soirée the evening of the 16th prox., in the parlor of the College. The exercises will consist of a debate, essays and declamations.

WE expect to see many Students joining the Latin and Greek classes in February. These languages are certainly invaluable to those who pretend to a reasonable knowledge of their own tongue.

DOCTOR CASSIDY vaccinated, some weeks ago, all the Students who had not been vaccinated, or desired to be re-vaccinated. We hear that the small-pox is raging in our large cities, but here we deem ourselves perfectly safe.

JOHN DUFFY, of Watertown, Wisconsin, an esteemed old Student, and worthy member of the St. Edward's Literary Association, was joined, last Wednesday, in the bonds of matrimony to Miss L. Denis, daughter of W. Denis, Esq., banker in Watertown. This we heard *sub rosa*, but we know it to be now a public fact, and therefore take the pleasure of complimenting our friend on his good fortune. We hope to see him soon on a visit to his *Alma Mater*, accompanied by his beautiful bride.

ON returning from the Christmas Holidays, every one will be expected to report at once, and join the College exercises. Lounging about the premises, or staying in town longer than necessary, will be considered a breach of rule and treated as such.

OUR friends at Notre Dame, St. Mary's and vicinity, will please remember that the members of the Minim Department will give their first Grand Exhibition in Washington Hall, on Tuesday evening, January 2, 1872. The Minims invite all their friends to attend.

T. NELSON, Esq., of Chicago, spent a few days at Notre Dame the week before last. Tom looks to be in the enjoyment of excellent health, and nothing daunted by the late fire which destroyed his place of business. He has removed to 629, State Street.

WE are sorry to have to chronicle the death of one of our best Students of the Junior Department, Master E. Ottenville, of Nashville, Tennessee, who died Tuesday morning, 26th inst., of inflammation of the bowels. He was well prepared by suffering and a good Christian life to meet his Creator. He died in the best sentiments, fortified with the Sacraments of the Church. May he rest in peace! The father arrived a short time after his boy's death, and, although he was greatly afflicted by the sad loss, nevertheless he was much consoled by the news of his happy death. The remains were taken home to Nashville for burial.

A LITTLE more display of church decoration would have given a festive appearance to the church on Christmas day. The Altars were beautiful. The Crib was too open to look like a grotto; the inside of it was neatly arranged; the water-color painting in the back of the grotto is in poor taste, and might as well be imagined as seen. In former years we saw more green boughs in the church; the floral display was also more abundant. There seems to have been, then, more painstaking in fitting up the church for our great festivals. Perhaps we are mistaken in our record of the past. We hope that we are only grumbling.

IF we remember well, in the first report of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Exhibition, the mate of the beautiful bird, A. Filson, was not mentioned at all in the compliments of the critic, although his part in Norma's duet was admirably rendered. Now this mate, Master W. Emmons, gave us last Monday in the *Adesle fideles* another specimen of good singing that many admired greatly. Had it not been for the defective pronunciation of one Latin word, the singing of Master Emmons would have been perfect. Let him take courage. He possesses a good, strong, and well sustained voice, which culture will render easy and flexible. We will not fail to notice it occasionally.

The Religious Ceremonies at Notre Dame on Christmas Day.

THE religious services at Notre Dame on Christmas day were beautiful and grand in a high degree. The first Vespers of Christmas were sung on Sunday, the 24th, by Rev. Father Lemonnier, S.S.C., with assistants in copes. At midnight, Solemn High Mass was sung by the Very Rev. Father Provincial, assisted by the Rev. Father Letourneau, S.S.C., officiating as Deacon, and the Rev. Father O'Connell, S.S.C., as Subdeacon. It was a grand sight to see the church filled at midnight with a large congregation of religious, students, and others, assembling at that hour to praise God, because "Christ was born on Christmas day." The sermon was preached by Rev. Father Rourke in his usual happy manner.

At ten o'clock, Solemn High Mass was again

ung by the Rev. Father Provincial, with the Rev. Father Lemonnier, S.S.C., as Deacon, and Rev. Father O'Connell, S.S.C., as Subdeacon. Every drop of blood that flowed from our heart, bounded with exultation as we listened to that sweetest of old melodies—the *Adeste Fideles*. Surely he who composed the air of this hymn must have been inspired! What music has ever expressed that triumphant joy, exultation, which the Christian heart alone can feel!

Father Rourke again preached—more eloquently even than at the preceding Mass—taking for his text the 2d chapter of Luke, 9th and 10th verses.

Solemn Vespers were sung by the Very Rev. Father Provincial.

The ceremonies at all the masses were well carried out during all the sacred offices, and who wishes to see a more beautiful sight than that of the ceremonies of the Holy Roman Catholic Church! Although many of those whom we often see at Notre Dame were absent, either spending the holidays at home, or off on the calls of duty, yet everything went off in the finest style.

The Sodality of the Holy Angels made a most beautiful display in their little cassocks and cottas. Notre Dame seems to have been, and seems now to be, partial to her young levites; and they have always deserved this partiality.

The music, no doubt, would have been much better had the students remained at Notre Dame; but most of the members of the choir went home. As it was, those who remained did very well.

We must not forget that the band played well before and after the Solemn Masses and Vespers.

The Thespian Exhibition.

The Christmas Exhibition of the Thespians came off, as announced, last Tuesday, 26th inst. The Christmas holidays at Notre Dame could not very well pass off without some theatrical performance, and our good friends of the Thespian Society have, from time immemorial, regaled their patrons during those days with some if not of their choicest, at least of their amusing Exhibitions. Tuesday evening witnessed, therefore, a large gathering of friends and Students seated in Washington Hall, enjoying merrily the minutes which preceded the rising of the curtain. It was evident that all came prepared for a good, hearty laugh, which the mere reading of the programme of the evening was well apt to excite.

On the arrival of Very Rev. Father Provincial the Band struck up and the Exhibition formally opened. Soon after the curtain rose and the "Boots at the Swan," a farce remodelled for the occasion, began in good earnest. "Henry Higgins," T. O'Mahony, makes us acquainted with his misfortune in the courtship of some *dulcinea*. His servant, "Jacob Earwig," George Darr, slightly deaf, adds not a little to his sad woes by his blunderings. "Mr. Frank Friskly," M. J. Moriarty, a most accomplished swell, intrudes at this moment on "Mr. Higgins," and astounds him by his most illimitable flow of speech and impossible gesticulations, but finally draws "Mr. Higgins" from his perplexities by consenting to help him out of his troubles and make him win the object of his courtship. To carry his plans, "Mr. Friskly" disguises himself in the garb of a convict, dons "Earwig" in a policeman's dress, and sets to frighten "Mr. Old Moonshine," J. M. Rourke, the young lady's father. In scene second, "Friskly" rushes in convict's dress through "Old Moonshine's" window, and, after terrifying the poor man in the extreme, excites his pity in his behalf. Soon "Earwig" appears at the same window, in policeman's dress, and means to arrest "Friskly." "Old Moonshine," at the instigation of "Friskly," gives wine to the policeman and renders him unfit for duty. After

several funny scenes at the expense of "Old Moonshine," who finally gathers up his whole household to arrest the intruders, he is told that all this uproar was intended to make him grant his daughter to "H. Higgins," which he finally does, and thereby ends the play.

The part of "Henry Higgins," by T. O'Mahony, was faithfully rendered. Mr. O'Mahony's voice cannot be very well heard, for some reason or other, perhaps because he speaks too fast or does not direct his voice towards the audience, or probably because it lacks force. Mr. O'Mahony is shaped out for the tragedy. Comedy will never become him. We hope to see him in a grand part sometime in February.

"Frank Friskly," by Marcus J. Moriarty, was simply inimitable. As a "swell" of the most unique description he could not be surpassed. His character was much enhanced by his "immortal" whisks, due to Bro. Ferdinand's exquisite taste. Mr. Moriarty has been long a Thespian, and has acquired his reputation as an accomplished declaimer. His attitudes and gestures are very true and natural. What might be termed his defect, is too much quickness, which now and then deprives the audience from hearing him well. Mr. Moriarty has the talent of understanding his parts and rendering them to the satisfaction of all. He will excel in comedy.

"Jacob Earwig," by George Darr, acted his part to nature; indeed he was perfectly deaf. We think that he might have done still better in some parts; however, he modulated his voice to suit his character, and in that he gained on former occasions. Mr. Darr will do very well in comedy. In tragedy he might be exposed to too much stiffness, which defect he may easily correct.

"Old Moonshine," by J. M. Rourke, was old enough without any exterior signs of old age. Mr. Rourke may at any time enter faithfully in an old man's part. It would take very little to make him a splendid old-man character.

The other parts, "Peter Pippin," by J. Zimmer, "Sam," by T. Watson, and "Bill," by E. Nugent, were only accidental to the play and were respectively well rendered.

BOX AND COX

was next presented on the boards—"Box" (a printer), T. Watson; "Cox" (a hatter), P. J. O'Connell; "Bouncer" (proprietor of a boarding house), E. Nugent.

The subject of the farce arises from "Mr. Bouncer's" greediness. This practical landlord lodges in the same room, without their knowledge, "Mr. Box," who is absent at night, and "Mr. Cox," who is never at home during day time. His profits are clear, until finally "Box" and "Cox" discover the practice, and get into an insurrection against each other and their landlord. In the course of their disputes "Box" lets it out to "Cox" that he married long ago, and, unable to stand it, passed himself as drowned, and so warded off all future troubles. "Cox," who has tried to flee on account of a similar cause of trouble, understands that he has married "Mr. Box's" relict. Hence another dispute, which remains long unsettled. Dice and pennies are cast, but in vain. Finally a letter brings news of the untimely death of "Mr. Cox's" wife, and of his being established sole heir of the deceased. More troubles and disputes by "Box" and "Cox," which are at last brought to a close by both parties agreeing to divide amicably the spoils.

"Box" was perfectly well rendered by Thomas Watson. "Cox," P. J. O'Connell, was likewise well personified. These two gentlemen are perfectly at ease on the stage, and render their parts with all the naturalness desirable. They elicited the laughter of the whole audience during the entire play. "Mr. Bouncer" was rendered by E. Nugent, who personified admirably the quiet

and accommodating landlord who has an eye to his profits. We hope to see Mr. Nugent again on the stage. His articulation is good, and in some parts he would do very well.

The articulation of T. Watson and P. J. O'Connell did not permit us to hear them distinctly enough. They spoke somewhat too fast, even though their parts demanded a quick action and speech. *Festina lente*, gentlemen; first to be heard, then speak as fast as you please.

The Exhibition was quite amusing from beginning to end, and all those who witnessed it were not deceived in their expectations. The Brass Band gave the music of the evening, and acquitted itself in its usual happy style.

We congratulate Mr. Frank Bigelow on the success of the Thespians, and hope that his efforts will be still more fully rewarded in the grand Exhibition which they are to give on the 22d of February.

After the Exhibition, the Thespians adjourned to the Junior Refectory, where a rich lunch was awaiting them. Useless to say that they did it full justice, and, in spirit of gratitude, voted thanks to its principal promoters, Bro. Francis de Sales, the Steward; Bro. Norbert and Bro. Maurice, for their kind attentions. **ADVIO.**

LAST Monday's Solemn Vespers (Christmas) were splendidly sung by the Choir, assisted by the members of the Brass Band. We might as well say that they were sung by the members of the Brass Band, assisted by the Choir, for the loudest and best singing came from the Band members. Why do not all these young gentlemen give the Choir their support every Sunday? We think that they would not be harmed by it, and the service of the Church would be much benefited. Plain chant demands quite a large force of singers to render its style of singing impressive. *Psallite illi in refectione* seems to be its motto, and we had it admirably exemplified last Monday at Vespers.

Skating.

It does me good to see the Students skimming over the lake on skates. In fact, it does me more good to look at them than to put myself in their place. From my window I can enjoy the poetry of motion, as expressed in the unstudied, careless, graceful movement of that youngster with a fur cap on, who far surpasses any Apollo Belvidere that ever was chiselled, for grace of pose, and whose curves of the human form, as he swiftly dodges through a multitude of other skaters, beat the contortions of the Laocoon group all to pieces.

At once I can jump from the sublime to the ridiculous, by taking my eye from the fur cap and casting my gaze upon that ridiculous form, bent almost double, and the height of whose ambition is to keep his ankle stiff. Ah, "my young gentleman," you will have not only a stiff ankle towards evening, but a stiff and sore body, and cramped-up feet, and—there he goes! One foot one way, the other, the other; a first effort at a spread eagle, beautifully executed! the feet in the air, the centre of gravity trying to find itself, as it slides on the ice, and the head colliding with the frozen surface! Talk of finding stars of the fourth magnitude with a double-barrelled telescope! talk of the extraordinary circumstance of Venus having been seen by the sham senators of Italy in broad daylight! Why, that boy has seen more stars within the last minute than would be required to lay a double track on the milky way!

Up again and at it without flinching! There is an example of pluck for you, there is energy, there is perseverance! Let him but show half that energy and perseverance in his studies, and in his post-college life, and he'll make a man of himself.

Publications.

THE HOLY BIBLE; translated from the Vulgate, diligently compared with the Hebrew, Greek and other editions, in divers languages, being the edition published by the English College at Rheims, A. D., 1582, and at Douay, 1609, as revised and corrected, in 1750, according to the Clementine edition of the Scriptures, by the Venerable Richard Challoner, Bishop of Debra, with his annotations for clearing up the principle difficulties of Holy Writ. New York: D. & J. Sadlier, & Co.

This is a very fine edition of the Douay Bible—in a convenient, portable form, handsomely bound, well printed on good paper. It is also of very convenient size to use as a book of reference, not being of the large proportions of a Family Bible, encumbering the writing table, nor so small as to refuse to stay open at a given page.

The veneration in which the word of God is held by the Catholic Church and by Catholics, is demonstrated by the zeal which has always animated them in producing correct editions of the Bible. Before the introduction of printing, it was the Catholic Church, by the hands of her learned monks and priests, that preserved the Bible; and as it was the Catholic Bede who translated the Bible into the vulgar tongue of his time for the inhabitants of England, so it was the Catholic Caxton, the first English printer, that first gave in type the English Bible.

TO AND FROM THE PASSION PLAY. P. Donahoe, Boston.

This is a very interesting book of travels, as well as a full account of the celebrated Passion Play at Ammergau.

Last summer the papers, daily and weekly, were full of the accounts given by various persons from among the vast number who flocked to Ammergau from all parts of the world, but particularly from England and the United States.

Several centuries ago the plague made sad ravages throughout Germany, and the good people of the little hamlet of Ammergau being simple Catholics, believing firmly in the efficacy of prayer, endeavored by prayer to avert the calamity of the disease from their hitherto peaceful cottages.

Their simple, persevering prayers were heard, and, in gratitude to God, they made a vow that every ten years they would take extraordinary means to call to mind the Passion of our Divine Lord, and in such a manner as to make a deep impression on themselves and on all who might witness the great drama, as represented by them.

They have faithfully kept their vow, and every ten years the "Passion Play" has been produced with deep religious feeling, and with the highest artistic skill.

Until within a comparative modern date, the villagers have had this "Passion Play" for their own edification. They were in a retired part of the country, difficult of access,—and even now, with the railroads crossing Germany in every direction, it is no easy trip to get to Ammergau, as no railroad has yet been run through that village. Yet the renown of the "Play" has attracted, within the last half century, quite a number of persons—some going thither through mere curiosity, others through a higher motive.

The author has given an excellent translation of the German words, with a detailed account of the Tableaux and Choruses.

This alone would render the book interesting; but, besides this, the reader will find a very readable account of the trip from New York to Ammergau and back.

A COMPENDIUM OF IRISH HISTORY. By M. F. Cusack, author of "The History of Ireland," etc., etc., etc. Boston: P. Donahoe.

This is, as it purports to be, a compendium of Irish History, and for that reason will be preferred

by many to the more voluminous histories of the Green Isle, as many readers in the United States would like to have a clear and complete idea of the history of Ireland, without being obliged to lose themselves in the details which, though of importance, and very interesting to the antiquarian, are not so to the general readers, nor even to those who trace their descent from the people who have always been faithful to their country and to their religion.

The Compendium divides the history of Ireland into five periods.

The first, or pre-Christian age, gives the legendary history of Ireland, and a description of the religion, language, laws, architecture, domestic customs, food, dress, occupations, and music of the Irish before they were converted to Christianity.

The second, or Irish pentarchy period, contains an account of the Irish pentarchy, the conversion of Ireland to Christianity by St. Patrick; and of the Irish schools and saints, and missionaries. This is perhaps the most interesting part of Irish history, and the one the least known by the descendants of those who have to thank the Irish scholars of that period for the preservation of literature and Christianity in the limits of their countries.

The third or Danish period, is occupied with the ruthless raids of the Danes, and the establishment of the first foreign power on the green soil, and its final destruction at the battle of Clontarf.

The fourth, or Norman period, from the invasion of Ireland by the Normans to the War of the Roses. To this period are to be traced many families which have since been numbered among the most illustrious of Ireland.

The fifth period, or the sad times of Ireland under the tyrannical rule of the Tudors and Stewarts, down to William of Orange. It ends with a few short chapters on the Catholic Association, the legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland, and the state of Ireland since the Union. We could wish this part more complete; but there are so many other sources from which a complete and detailed history of modern times can be found, that the brevity of these chapters cannot be blamed.

The American Elocutionist.

Appreciative opinions of the press on the merits of Prof. Lyons' excellent work are pouring in on all sides. The following is from the *Chicago Tribune*:

THE AMERICAN ELOCUTIONIST AND DRAMATIC READER. By Joseph A. Lyons, A. M. Published by E. H. Butler & Co., Philadelphia.

This work is the latest on the list of readers designed for the use of colleges, academies and schools, and is a very superior work. The compiler has made a judicious selection of illustrations ranging over a very wide field of literature, and displayed not only an extended acquaintance with the works of the best authors, but great ability in the choice and arrangement. One notable feature of the book is that it contains a great quantity of new matter. The editor has cut loose from the manacles that seem to have bound most of his predecessors. While he has not ignored the claims of the effusions of bygone days, and other lands, to preservation in the scholastic exercise, he has given a liberal number of his pages to extracts from the speeches and writings of Western men of our own day. Hence many new names figure in the table of contents, and the result is that the scholar has the opportunity of knowing what the men of his own time and section are thinking about, and how they treat the subjects of greatest interest in our day. The effect of this cannot be otherwise than to better prepare the student for the world of ideas and things he is about to enter upon; and we should not be surprised to find that this work is the beginning of a sweeping reform in the compilation of our school readers.

The exercises are preceded by a very valuable introduction to the principles and practice of elocution and vocal culture, written by the Rev. M. B. Brown, S. S. C., Professor of Theology and Moral Philosophy in the University of Notre

Dame (Indiana), with which institution Prof. Lyons has long been associated.

Nor are Catholic periodicals more slack in expressing their approbation. We quote from the *Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph*:

From a cursory examination of the *Elocutionist and Dramatic Reader*, prepared by Professor Lyons, of the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, we consider the work well worthy the patronage of our Catholic schools, to which we earnestly recommend it. The *Elocutionist*, from the press of Butler & Co., of Philadelphia, leaves nothing to be desired on the score of paper, binding and printing. The selections, prose and poetry, are judicious and interesting.

To these flattering notices we have little to add, except that we believe every word of them, and wish the compiler all success in the good work he has undertaken.

St. Edward's Literary Association.

There is a good old time-honored proverb which says: "It is a poor heart that never rejoices." We can scarcely imagine that there is any heart so poor, even though it may be deprived of all the necessities, not to say the luxuries of life, that it cannot at this festive and redeeming season feel a sense of subdued happiness stealing sweetly over it and making it oblivious of its pressing ills. Truly must that heart be weak and sorrowful that cannot on the saving occasion of our Lord's advent into the uncharitable world, indulge in a fair measure of pleasurable emotions, and raise itself up to the higher regions of delight and exultation. But while we would gladly dwell on the varied and charming thoughts and feelings and lasting impressions which the return of Christmas with its glorious train of solemn ceremonies and innocent allurements, so consoling and beneficial to the Christian soul, ever revives in, and stamps upon, the heart, we must not forget that our friends of the St. Ed's Literary Association are waiting and expecting to hear from us, and we must not disappoint them, lest we should appear derelict to our duty. The Association at the present prosperous stage of its career may be said, without any ostentation or affectation on the part of its Corresponding Secretary, to be characterized by its magnanimous zeal and indefatigable efforts in its endeavors to satisfy the high expectations which its appreciative friends entertain regarding the elevated plane of literary worth which they look upon it to attain. A retrospective glance at the many causes which have been prolific of brilliant effects in directing its course and securing its present high tone, we would indulge in, were it not that we are conscious of infringing thereby on somebody else's space in the *SCHOLASTIC*, and thus laying ourselves open to the charge of being *unhandsomely* inconsiderate. Following close in the wake of the highly entertaining banquet given by the Association on the 19th inst., the occasion of which afforded so much un-mixed pleasure and called forth such a profusion of "winged words" from the eloquent lips of many of the guests, came the ablest, the most methodical, and the most interesting debate which it has been our pleasure thus far to listen to and engage in. It came off on the 22nd inst. The house was called to order at the usual time, with the Rev. President in the chair. We missed the face of Mr. T. O'Mahoney, and his absence was much regretted since he was appointed to argue on the question. His place was filled with much credit and success by Mr. N. Mitchell. The preliminary business being completed, Mr. W. Clarke arose, and in a well digested speech of ten minutes duration defended the affirmative of the question:

"Resolved, That the Canadas should be annexed to these United States."

The many great advantages to accrue to our country from a union with our northern neighbors

was his darling argument, and this he presented in a handsome manner. M. Keeley followed, showing himself a defender of the policy of non-interference in other people's business, to be followed in his turn by Mr. Smarr, who saw no reason whatever why the poor Kenucks should not be whipped into our family of great States. He argued strongly and even eloquently for annexation. A very pleasing speaker assuredly. Mr. Mitchell closed the debate with a display of great reasoning powers, and that quiet solid judgment which has a seat in his mind. The negative recognized in him an able defender. Rev. A. Lemounier, in summing up the arguments *pro* and *con*, expressed his conviction of the superiority of those adduced by the participants on the negative, and rendered his decision in pursuance thereof. So it was agreed that instead of preventing Canada from attaining, as far as she may be capable under a monarchical form of government, the full growth and vigor of a national and independent manhood by forcing her acquiescence to our laws and ideas, we should rather hope that she will ere long, in the words of Seward, "become absorbed into the magic circle of our great American Republic."

M. KEELEY, *Cor. Sec.*

St. Cecilia Philomathean Association.

The twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth regular meetings took place respectively Dec. 6th, 13th and 17th.

At these meetings, the admission of members, reading compositions, delivering declamations, recapitulation of words mispronounced in the refectory and elsewhere during the last four months, election of officers, etc., were comprised in the programme of exercises. The following were elected members: Sidney Ashton, Frank McOsker, James Spillard and Ed. Monahan Sheehan.

Of the compositions, Mark Foote's "Pleasant Evening in the Large Parlor" was carefully written and well read. Mark will make a fine critic. Denis Hogan's "Court in Ireland" was the next. S. Ashton's "Charity" was to the point. E. M. Sheehan's "Boat Ride" was pleasant. Frank McOsker's "Fate of the Miser" was well told. J. Spillard's "War" was well fought. Frank Arantz's "Education" was pretty well developed. Willie Kelly's "Saw Mill" works well. "Reub" Hutchings' "Thanksgiving Day Excursion" was interesting. "Reub's" description of animals in St. Joe County, which attracted his attention on the excursion, was ludicrous. This over, C. Berdel and C. Dodge declaimed in their usual style.

After this an election by ballot, to fill the office of Vice-President, left vacant by M. Mahony,—now a senior,—took place, and resulted in a unanimous vote for C. Dodge, formerly Vice-President of the Dramatic Branch, which office, being now vacant by the promotion of C. Dodge, was awarded to C. Berdel by a unanimous vote by ballot.

Rev. Father Lemounier presided, and gave his criticism on the last exhibition; his remarks were highly complimentary to the members and were well received. The President, in concluding the exercises, spoke in praiseworthy terms of Michael Mahony, saying he hoped that he would succeed as well in the senior department as he had done in the junior. He then wished the members a very pleasant Christmas and a delightful New Year. The association then adjourned to meet on the evening of Jan. 6th, on which occasion the Vice-President of the Philo-Historic, Mark Foote, is expected to give his essay on "Columbus and the Discovery of America."

D. HOGAN,
Corresponding Secretary.

An Appeal in Behalf of the Union Catholic Library Association of Chicago.

In the great fire that has recently laid the city of Chicago in ashes, the Union Catholic Library was wholly destroyed. The Library was the fruit of the efforts of years, built slowly up by the patient industry of the Association, and had attained, at the time of its destruction, an influence limited only by the extent of our reading Catholic community. The Association was prosperous and out of debt, and saw before it a future in which the Catholic youth of Chicago would grow up in possession of a library at once their pride and the pledge of their devotion to our holy faith in this vantage ground of the northwest.

Profoundly impressed with the necessity of restoring that which yields so great a power upon Catholic habits of thought, the Association has resolved to commence at once the Library's reconstruction. Unfortunately, most of the members are direct sufferers by the fire, and are incapable of giving to it that support which the prosperity of other years afforded. They, therefore, deem themselves justified in appealing to the enlightened charity of the Catholic world, the charity which realizes that its duty lies not alone in the furnishing of food for the body, but which sees in the minds and souls of the young of this generation suppliants far more pitiful. For these reasons, the Association respectfully requests gifts of books—old and new—or money, according to the choice of the giver.

Donations may be sent to the "Union Catholic Library Association," 102 W. Randolph st., Chicago, and will be gratefully acknowledged and properly inscribed.

The Bishop of Chicago, Right Rev. THOMAS FOLEY, D. D., is a life member of the Association, and sustains its aims.

WM. J. ENGLISH,
THOMAS BRENNAN,
JAMES GOGGIN,
M. F. BUCHANAN,
JEREMIAH MAHONEY,

Committee in behalf of the Association.

CHICAGO, Nov. 1, 1871.

All is Well that Ends Well.

The Christmas holidays have at length arrived. Oh! how ardently were they longed for by many of the students for many days, and perhaps weeks, and even months past; and how eagerly were the daily packages of letters looked for in the pleasant anticipation of receiving the desired permission to spend the joyful time amid the well-loved friends and companions of that dearest of all places on earth—home. What true happiness was brought to the heart of the student who received this permission! With what joy did he leave professors, friends and companions, books and studies, and prepare for his homeward voyage! What a difference is there between this parting and that after the Commencement in June! Here all is joy; there also is joy, but alloyed with sorrow—sorrow at parting with the companions who have shared both the joys and toils of the monotonous collegiate year, whom, perhaps, we may never meet more; sorrow at being disappointed in some favorite expectation, or being thwarted in some little pet scheme of our own. Though in both we know not but that the separation may be forever, as unforeseen obstacles may be presented to prevent return from the Christmas holidays as well as from the summer vacation, yet now we seem to feel an almost instinctive assurance that return is certain, and this, together with the hope of pleasantly spending the most joyful and grand time of the year, seems to insure to us nothing but happiness and drowns all thought of care and sorrow.

Such is the condition I find myself placed in this 21st day of December. All is commotion and bustle. Every one seems to be joyful and gay,

except the unfortunate ones who are compelled by the decrees of fate to remain at Notre Dame—who are denied the privilege of going home. How sweetly falls that word on the ear of the student! What loving thoughts are aroused in his mind at the mere mention of it! O Home! how truthfully it said, be thou ever so humble, there is no place like thee!

But I am wandering from my subject. The last farewells are spoken to fellow-students, professors, friends, and all, and with loud cheers away we start for the distant city of South Bend. A pleasant ride indeed in the cool refreshing air of the winter morning, as the glorious sun, rising from the eastern horizon, sheds his beautiful light over the snow-covered earth, causing every crystal, as we gaily pass along, to glitter and sparkle as so many precious gems profusely scattered over the pure white mantle. Soon we arrive at South Bend, and, after purchasing our tickets, take our seats in the train, which soon moves slowly from the depot, gradually increasing its speed, till after a while, with almost the velocity of the wind, it hums on its merry way. The merry sound of the voices, and the clear, ringing laugh of some delighted daughter of Eve; the rumbling of the wheels, and the occasional groaning of the heavy cars as they lean to one side in dashing around a curve of the road, are the only sounds that greet the traveller's ear. Suddenly, however, there is a tremendous crash—a terrible shock. Mirth and gaiety instantly vanish; joyous laughter is succeeded by cries and groans of agony; confusion is now where order was but a few moments ago. A collision has taken place, and lo! tossed from my seat by the violence of the shock, I awaken, and find myself terribly frightened, but safe in my bed, the signal for rising ringing loudly in my ears, and the "Oh, pshaw!" of my neighbor adding to the scene something of the ridiculous.

I was satisfied, however, and felt thankful that it was but a dream, and, moreover, felt then, as I do now, that "all is well that ends well." M. S.

Christmas at St. Mary's.

We have received no report of Christmas times from St. Mary's. This, we presume, is owing to the absence of "Stylus" and a number of the pupils, the latter of whom sought the paternal roof to find the misletoe bough.

The Christmas time, however, was, we learn, passed very pleasantly at St. Mary's, the midnight Mass forming one of the features of the celebration of the day, as it does in all Catholic institutions.

Very Rev. Father General celebrated the divine sacrifice at midnight, which was preceded by the baptism of a young lady from Chicago. All the pupils as well as the community were present. Mozart's second Mass was well rendered by the efficient choir. Very Rev. Father General preached in his usual convincing and persuasive manner.

After the eight o'clock Mass which was also celebrated by the Very Rev. Father, the time was spent in pleasant intercourse, and the day was passed in a very agreeable manner. On account of the absence alluded to above, there was no Christmas Tree, and Santa Claus, who from time immemorial had paid his annual Christmas visit to St. Mary's failed to put in an appearance.

The reason is that, in this age of progress, Santa Claus was "confided." As a railroad now passes within a very short walk from St. Mary's, he thought he could give his reindeers a rest and come to St. Mary's by rail: coming from Niles by the prompt evening train of the N. & S. B. R.R., he got out on the wrong side, and went "over the left" to the College, where he found such pleasant quarters that he could not prevail upon himself to take Charley and the old buggy and betake himself to the Academy. That's the reason why Santa Claus wasn't at the Academy this Christmas.

"Words and their Uses."

BY A MISTIFIED QUAKER.

NEW YORK, 5th Month, 20th, 1871.

RESPECTED WIFE—From these few lines my whereabouts thee'll learn,
Moreover I'll impart to thee my serious concern:
The language of this people is a riddle unto me,
And words with them are figments of a reckless mockery!

For instance, as I left the cars, an imp, with smutty face,
Said, "Shine?" "Nay, I'll not shine," I said, "except with inward grace!"

"Is 'inward grace' a liquid or a paste?" asked this young Turk:

"Hi daddy! what is inward grace? How does the old thing work?"

"Friend," said I to John, whose breath suggested gin,
"Can thee convey me straightway to a respectable inn?"

His answer's gross irrelevance I shall not soon forget—
Instead of simple yea or nay, he gruffly said, "You bet!"

"Nay, nay, I shall not bet," said I, "for that would be a sin—

Why don't thee answer plainly? Can thee take me to an inn?"

Thy vehicle is doubtless meant to carry folks about in!
Then why prevaricate?" Said he, perversely, "Now yer shoutin'!"

"Nay, verily, I shouted not," quoth I, "my speech is mild;

But thine—I grieve to say it—with falsehood is defiled,
Thou ought to be admonished to rid thy heart of guile."

"See here, my lovely moke!" said he, "you sling on too much style!"

"I've had these plain drab garments twenty years and more," said I,

"And when thee says I 'sling on style,' thee tells a wilful lie!"

At that he pranced about as if a bee was in his bonnet,
And with hostile demonstrations, inquired if I was "on it?"

"On what? Thil thee explain thyself, I cannot tell," I said.

He swore that something was "too thin,"—moreover it was "played."

But all his jargon was surpassed in wild absurdity,
By threats profanely emphasized to "put a head on me!"

"No son of Belial," said I, "that miracle can do!"
Whereat he fell upon me with blows and curses too,
But failed to work that miracle—if such was his design!
Instead of putting on a head, he strove to smite off mine!

Thee knows I cultivate the peaceful habit of our sect,
But this man's conduct wrought on me a singular effect;

For when he slapped my broad rim off, and asked
"How's that for high?"

It roused the Adam in me, and I smote him hip and thigh!

The throng then gave a specimen of calumny broke loose,

And said I'd "snatched him bald head," and likewise "cooked his goose;"

Although I solemnly affirm I did not pull his hair,
Nor did I cook his poultry—for he had no poultry there!

They called me "Bully Boy," although I've seen nigh three score year;

And said that I was lightning when I "got upon my ear!"

And when I asked if lightening climbed its ear, or dressed in drab,

"You know how it is yourself," said one in consequential blab.

Thee can see that, by this time, I was somewhat perplexed;

Yes, the placid spirit in me has seldom been so vexed.
I tarried there no longer, for plain spoken men, like me,
With such perverters of our tongue can have no unity.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.ST. MARY'S ACADEMY,
December 27, 1871.**TABLE OF HONOR—JUNIOR DEPT.**

December 20—Misses M. Kearney, L. Niel, N. Gross, J. Kearney, A. Byrne, J. Duffield, G. Kelly, A. Sweeney, F. Lloyd.

JUNIOR DEPT.

Junior Preparatory Class—L. Harrison, L. Wood, M. Reynolds.

First Junior Class—A. Burney, M. Ware, M. Hildreth, K. Lloyd, M. Gall, T. Cronin.

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.

Founded in 1842, and Chartered in 1844.

This Institution, incorporated in 1844, enlarged in 1866, and fitted up with all the modern improvements, affords accommodation to five hundred Students.

Situated near the Michigan Southern & Northern Indiana Railroad, it is easy of access from all parts of the United States.

TERMS:

Matriculation Fee,	\$ 5 00
Board, Bed and Bedding, and Tuition (Latin and Greek);	
Washing and Mending of Linens; Doctor's Fees and	
Medicine, and attendance in sickness, per Session of five	
months,	150 00
French, German, Italian, Spanish, Hebrew and Irish,	
each,	10 00
Instrumental Music,	12 00
Use of Piano,	10 00
Use of Violin,	2 00
Drawing,	15 00
Use of Philosophical and Chemical Apparatus,	5 00
Graduation Fee—Com'l. \$5 00; Scient'c. \$8 00; Class'l,	16 00
Students who spend their Summer Vacation at the Col-	
lege are charged, extra,	35 00

Payments to be made invariably in advance.

Class Books, Stationary, etc., at current prices.

The first Session begins on the first Tuesday of September, the Second on the 1st of February.
For further particulars, address

Very Rev. W. CORBY, S.S.C.,**President.****SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY,**

Notre Dame, Indiana.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, under the direction of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, is situated on the St. Joseph River, eighty-six miles east of Chicago, via Michigan Southern Railroad, and two miles from the flourishing town of South Bend.

The site of St. Mary's is one to claim the admiration of every beholder. It would appear that nature had anticipated the use to which the grounds were to be applied, and had disposed her advantages to meet the requirements of such an establishment. Magnificent forest trees rising from the banks of one of the most beautiful rivers in the Mississippi Valley still stand in native grandeur; the music of bright waters and healthful breezes inspire activity and energy, while the quiet seclusion invites to reflection and study.

MOTHER M. ANGELA, Superior,*St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Ind.***DUNBAR'S****Wonderful Discovery.****BETHESDA MINERAL SPRING WATER, OF WAUKESHA, WISCONSIN.**

COL. DUNBAR, Director and General Manager of the Bethesda Springs, of Waukesha, Wisconsin, has opened a depot for the sale of this wonderful water at 139 Dearborn street, Tribune Building, Chicago, Illinois. The efficacy of this water in cases of Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Chronic Diseases of the Liver, Biliary Affections, Diseases of the Kidney, and its associate organs, Dropsy, and Gouty Swellings, is unsurpassed. It was this water that re-established Chief Justice Chase's health.

Call or send for Circulars. Testimonials of cures. Directions how to use the water accompany each package sold.

RICHARD DUNBAR,

139 Dearborn st., Chicago,

Or **EDWARD P. DUNBAR**, at the Springs.

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L. S. & M. S. RAILWAY.**SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.****TRAINS** now leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.		Arrive at Buffalo 2.10 a. m.	
Leave South Bend 10 28 a. m.	"	"	"
" " 12.22 p. m.	"	"	11 00 a. m.
" " 9.20 p. m.	"	"	2 00 p. m.
" " 12.35 a. m.	"	"	5.30 p. m.

GOING WEST.		Arrive at Chicago 8.20 p. m.	
Leave South Bend 5 05 p. m.	"	"	"
" " 3 15 a. m.	"	"	6.50 a. m.
" " 4.30 a. m.	"	"	7.20 a. m.
" " 5.22 p. m.	"	"	9.30 p. m.

Making connection with all trains West and North.

For full details, see the Company's posters and time tables at the depot and other public places.

Trains are run by Cleveland time, which is 15 minutes faster than South Bend time.

J. H. DEVEREUX, General Manager, Cleveland, Ohio.

CHARLES F. HATCH, General Superintendent, Cleveland.

C. P. LELAND, Auditor, Cleveland, Ohio.

JNO. DESMOND, Sup't Western Division, Chicago, Ill.

J. W. CARY, General Ticket Agent, Cleveland, Ohio.

C. MORSE, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Illinois.

M. B. BROWN, Ticket Agent, South Bend.

A. J. WHITE, Freight Agent, South Bend.

NEW ALBANY CROSSING.

To Lafayette and Louisville.

GOING NORTH—Express passenger, 4.20 a. m., and 7.30 p. m.
Freight, 4.05 p. m.

GOING SOUTH—Express passenger, 11.13 a. m., and 6.20 p. m.
Freight, 4.50 a. m.

OLD, RELIABLE AND POPULAR ROUTE.**CHICAGO, ALTON & ST. LOUIS LINE.**

TRAINS leave West Side Union Depot, Chicago, near Madison Street Bridge, as follows:

Day Express (except Sundays).....9.15 a.m.
Connects at Dwight with Trains on Western Div.

Joliet Accommodation (except Sundays).....4.10 p.m.

Night Express (except Sundays).....6.00 p.m.

Lightning Express (except Saturdays).....9.00 p.m.

General Ticket Office,**55 Dearborn Street, Chicago.**

Where Passage and Sleeping-Car Tickets can be purchased, and all desired information as to Routes, Connections, etc., will be cheerfully furnished.

J. C. McMULLIN, Gen'l Sup't.

JAS. CHARLTON, Gen'l Ticket Agent.

A. NEWMAN, General Freight Agent.

H. B. TAYLOR, Ticket Agent, Chicago.

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PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL DOUBLE TRACK RAILROAD.**PITTSBURGH, FORT WAYNE AND CHICAGO.**

Three daily Express Trains, with Pullman's Palace Cars, are run between Chicago, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and New York without change.

Direct Route to Baltimore and Washington City.

On and after June 1, 1871, the 9 p. m. train from Chicago arrives in New York at 11.30 a. m. the second day, $1\frac{1}{2}$ hour in advance of any other route; with corresponding reduction to Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. Leaves Chicago daily except Saturdays and Sundays.

The 5.15 p. m. train from Chicago arrives in New York at 6.41 a. m. the second morning, $1\frac{1}{2}$ hour in advance of any other line. This train has an elegant Silver Palace Car running through between Chicago, Philadelphia and New York without change.

The 9 a. m. train from Chicago daily (except Sunday), with Pullman Palace Cars attached. Through between Chicago and New York, without change, $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours in advance of any other route, and in time to make connection for Boston. No other line offers this advantage.

Trains from Chicago to Cleveland via Crestline and "Bee" Line, connecting at Cleveland with trains on the Lake Shore Railroad for all points reached by that route.

Connections made at Crestline for Columbus, and at Mansfield with trains on Atlantic and Great Western Railroad.

Passage and Sleeping-Car Tickets can be purchased at the Company's Office, 65 Clark Street, and at the Passenger Depot corner Madison and Canal Streets, Chicago.

THOMAS L. SCOTT, President.

J. N. McCULLOUGH, Gen'l Manager, Pittsburgh.

J. M. C. CREIGHTON, Ass't Sup't, Pittsburgh.

H. W. GWINNER, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Ag't, Philadelphia.

F. R. MYERS, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Ag't, Pittsburgh.

W. C. CLELAND, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Ag't, Chicago.